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DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION, TO

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

Poems.

By J. B. ORME, Gent.

LONDON:

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1805.

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TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

May it please Your Royal Highness,

THE gracious Reception with which my former Productions have been honored by Your Royal Highness, encourages me to lay before you the following POEMS, written chiefly during my Service as Lieutenant in His Majesty's Army; should they be found to contain any Thing attractive of your Royal Notice, I shall find myself amply gratified, in having contributed to your Amusement.

I have the Honor to be,

Your Royal Highness's

Most devoted and obedient Servant,

J. B. ORME.

705367

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THE

PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

AN

ALLEGORY.

THE

PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

The western sun along the dale,
No longer tinged the grove;
The fluttering warblers of the vale,
Had ceased their tales of love;

The splendid orb of night arose,
In crimson garb serene;
The landscape round enjoy'd repose,
For meditations' scene.

Thus silence reign'd, for sleep had bound
Herds, flocks, and husbandmen,
And hush'd was every village sound,
Save that announcing *ten*.

Which from the sacred turret borne
By zephyrs, far away,
In hollow murmurs, seem'd to mourn,
The loss of parting day.

'How just,' said I, 'the state of man,
'Does nature thus pourtray,
'Whose noontide vigour only can
'Perfect, but must decay.

'The morn of youth, with rising zest,
'Thus hastens to its prime;
'Which once attain'd disdains to rest,
'So droops again with time.

'Yet some the sweets of life enjoy,
'While others sorrow share;
'And most the bliss of heaven destroy,
'By envy, grief, and care.

'The varied foliage of the field,
'Which endless tint displays,
'Obedient to the light shall yield,
'Refrangibly its rays.

'The cowslip faithful to its hue;
'The rose emitting scent;
'And lilly to its paleness true;
'Bud forth in sweet content.

'But thou, Oh! man, whom envy blinds,
'Must at thy state repine;
'While he thou enviest, hapless finds,
'His own much worse than thine.

'No pleasure is without alloy,
'Made up of grief and care,
'Hence they who will the first enjoy,
'Must of the second share.

'Tho' some divide the portion now,
'And take the sweets alone,
'Discarding every care, we know,
'To Heaven they must atone.'

While musing thus, reclin'd I lay,
Revolving in my mind,
Which path must be the surest way,
True Happiness to find;

I tried the mansions of the great,
But could not find her there;
For dire Ambition claim'd her seat,
And drove her far elsewhere.

I sought the avenues of courts,
No footsteps could I trace;
Her phantom form alone she sports,
To dazzle those in place.

I next enquir'd the city through,
When all would there declare,
That they had found the maxim true,
"With wealth encreaseth care."

From balls, and plays, and masquerades,
Where mirth and glee preside,
To crouded routs, those grand parades
Of ostentatious pride;

Through dissipation's mazy round,
I join'd the gay career,
And to my rueful cost soon found,
No Happiness was there.

The field of honor then I trod,
Where fame and glory lead;
There Desperation in the road,
A dreadful gulph had made.

Full soon I found promotion was
So near to wealth allied,
That interest seem'd the only pass,
To gain the flooding tide.

Contemplating the rustic's cot,
Tho' poets take such pains,
To prove content in humble lot,
With tranquil blessing reigns;

Alike the peasant and the peer
Their sorrows have, I found,
And cottage bliss, when want is near,
Is but an empty sound.

Thus every state of man I drew,
Nor 'scap'd the miser's chest;
For as he pass'd me in review,
I mark'd his troubled breast.

I saw him with a mass of wealth,
Deny himself a meal,
And thus, regardless of his health,
The force of hunger feel.

The dread of future want so much
His faculties destroy'd,
That rather than his treasure touch
He wasted, starv'd, and died.

I paus'd, for I had sought in vain;
No prospect seem'd to rise,
Or hope, that I should ever gain,
The ardent wish'd-for prize;

While lost in reverie a maid,
So comely, did appear,
'Twas Virtue's self, who mildly said,
'True Happiness is here.'

And as she spoke she gently plac'd
Her hand upon her breast;
I rose, and straight the nymph embrac'd;
I found her, and was blest.

'O! now for ever with me stay,
'Nor quit this heart,' I cried:
She bow'd consent, and from that day
I rank her as my bride.

ODE

ON THE

PATRIOTIC AND LIBERAL SUBSCRIPTION,

OPENED AT LLOYD'S COFFEE-HOUSE,

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS OF THE BRAVE DEFENDERS OF THEIR COUNTRY.

ODE

RECITATIVE.

HARK, hark! we hear the war's hoarse thunder roar,
Approaching nigh old Albion's happy shore;
Rouse noble Britons, dread not these alarms,
Nor fear the threats of any foe in arms.
Boldly we stand, in loyalty sincere,
Our cause is just, our King and Country dear;
Which to defend, we all shall volunteer.

AIR.

THEN shall the thund'ring sound of war,
Proclaim Britannia's glory;
'Tis but to arm, and banish fear,
The foe must fly before you.

RECITATIVE.

No dread of death but one we shew,
While just our cause, and true,
Our wives and children, them ye know,
Provision is their due.

AIR.

'Tis done, already for this end
Benevolence and wealth attend,
With all their influence here;
Encouraging a host of friends,
Who each his tribute cheerful tends,
To dry the widow's tear.

CHORUS.

All hail to thee, sweet Charity!
Thou balm of human woe;
Who feels thee most, can blessings boast,
Which none, without thee, know.

RECITATIVE.

'Tis thou can'st raise a flame, a gen'rous glowing flame!
True gratitude from thee first sprang, which leads to fame.
To honor, wealth, and fame, we must attribute thee;
Chorus. All hail, &c.

AIR.

No longer now shall misery,
Appal the warrior's mind,
Since all, to make the monster fly,
Unanimous have join'd.

GRAND CHORUS.

With hearts then like lions, we'll boldly advance,
And humble in dust the Usurper of France;
Our lives, and our fortunes, we'll share in the fight,
For George is our parent, and Britain our right.

MARTIAL.

Prepare! prepare! the god of war
Now beckons from his thund'ring car:
Once more Britannia's sons prepare;
Again exert your pow'r.
To arms! to arms! let all attend,
Our King and Country to defend:
With victory our toil shall end;
To arms, to arms, once more.
Of late we shew'd the haughty foe,
What British arms alone can do;
And soon the ardent conflict now
His insolence shall lower.
To arms, to arms, &c.
Another conquest waits us now,
Which to posterity will shew,
That to ourselves and country true,
We dread no foreign power.
To arms, to arms, &c.
Britannia thus shall swell her fame;
Her wealth increase, extol her name,
For British valour, still the same,
Will e'er protect her shore,
To arms, to arms, &c.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

'No subject rare, no foreign theme I chuse,'
When this fell dæmon invocates the muse;
This pest of life, this hated foe of all;
This source of evils that each state befall;
This bane of hope to fools who fain would soar,
Beyond the bounds which circumscribe their power.
Offspring of error, by imprudence rear'd;
By folly foster'd, as by wisdom fear'd:
By whose allurements thousands are undone,
Whene'er she dictates from her wily throne.
Her specious arts, her subtle ways to scan,
Be this my task—exposing all I can.

Parents and guardians, whom the care of youth
On you depends! Oh! hear this sacred truth—
The mind of man, like trees or shrubs, we find
Distinct and various, different ways inclin'd;
Which if directed in their tender shoot,
Will seldom fail to yield their proper fruit:
But if you will dame Nature's laws controul,
Destroy the fibres, and pervert the whole,
Ye court the dæmon, with her numerous train
Of doubting cares, perplexities, and pain.
Hence all the evils that mankind can know,
From this great source perpetually flow.
Thwart not the rising genius that aspires;
Whom heaven has gifted with celestial fires.
For oft we find unpolish'd talent lay
Unknown, regardless, in its native clay,
Which might have prov'd, if't been directed right,
A gem in Britain's crown, of radiance bright.

So have we seen, when summer's heats unfold,
The varied foliage on the cultur'd mould,
To perfect which the labouring tiller toil'd,
Upon the dreary common, blooming wild,
Full many a beauteous flower, unvalued lie,
Which, kindly foster'd, might with any vie,
That far fetch'd taste across th' Atlantic brought,
Priz'd for its value, as 'twas dearly bought.
How lost to all, the youth whose ardent soul
From every quarter meets the dire controul
Of friends and parents, who in judgment fail,
And make the victim by their over zeal.
How dread the state of him who thus must be,
Reduc'd to share each worldly misery.
Whose talents might, if not misunderstood,
Have serv'd the state, and done much public good:
Most prone to arms, have nobly brav'd the field,
And forc'd the boldest enemy to yield.

In physics fitted reasons to assign,
And swell the wonders of the Great Divine:
Foretell new comets, span the spacious dome,
And trace the source from whence the seasons come.
But no such task his fertile genius tries,
Condemn'd to dwell upon the worth of toys:
For seven dull years a tedious life to droil,
And, both the scholar and the tradesman spoil.
But where's the bonds that can the mind enthrall?
Imagination soars above them all!—
Imagination! Fancy's darling child,
Matur'd by reason, how hast thou beguil'd
Those tedious hours of dreary dismal gloom,
That but for thee had known still harder doom.
Imagination, which could paint so plain,
The great vicissitudes of worldly gain.
Could point out science as the first pursuit;
The sweetest labour, and the choicest fruit.

Could paint the hero in the battle slain,
And count his laurels springing on the plain!
Could mark the coward; see him fearful crouch;
While meanness mark'd him with her sure reproach.
Despis'd by all, pursued by nervous fears,
Encreasing with a tedious list of years:
While sloth attacking, with her iron hand,
Arrests all progress, bids her pris'ner stand!
Whose summons weakness cannot disobey,
For both must yield a tame submissive prey.
Could mark the progress of the crafty *blade*,
And see him caught within the snare he laid.
In palid tremor move, or lingering lie,
Afraid to live, yet most afraid to die:
While every action that the warrior won
To deeds of valour still would urge him on.
No dread of death his courage e'er annoy'd;
'Twas for his king he fought, and bravely died.

O'er-rated talent also tends to curse;
In this the error often proves the worse.
Young Blunt to paints inclin'd, as children are,
Most prone to colours—captur'd with the glare;
Straightway to mind a West or Reynolds spring,
And Jack is deem'd a painter for the king.
Off for an artist now the parent hies,
For seven full years his offspring eager tries
To 'prentice bind, seeks through the busy town,
Finds out a master of some small renown,
Whom dear bought puffs perhaps to notice brought,
Beyond the excellence he ever wrought;
While truth and candour at his folly mourn,
Condemn his rashness, bid him quick return.
'Aye, aye,' he cries, 'mere envy this, I know,
'My son has genius, which he'll quickly shew.'
The needy limner, eager for the spoil,
The premium pockets, and the seven year's toil.

But mark the issue of his tedious care,
His pictures greet you with a vacant stare;
He only paints a block, and not mankind,
Who in each feature pourtrays not the mind.
And seven years practice, with the sembling tool,
But tends to prove the blockhead and the fool.
The parent's folly thus complete is shewn,
And Disappointment marks the son her own;
Productive labour of the plough, or loom,
Had sav'd him from life's horrid dismal gloom;
He'd then been happy, had he never swerv'd,
But in his station thus his country serv'd.—
An honest farmer once, whose good intent,
No one disputed wheresoe'er he went,
Mistaking her, for hopes efficient lure,
Must train his colt a racer *to be sure*.
'Ball was a cart horse, and who knows,' he cries,
'But my young Dobbin may the turf surprize!'

So has him train'd :—his neighbours on him gaze,
While some condemn him, others feign to praise.
He hears the latter, and, fool-like, elate,
Enters his racer for the maiden plate;
He starts—is distanc'd e'er he runs a mile :
The crowd deriding, mock'd his fears the while.
The dæmon thus succeeds, nor leaves alone,
Her victim'd peasant, whom she claims her own.
Homeward return'd he'll act the other part,
And place his gelding in his sphere—the cart.
Between the shafts the would-be racer finds
Himself encumber'd : harness, hoodwink, blind's
Unfit for him, who lately cloth'd and fed,
With prancing chargers, thought himself high bred.
Resolv'd to treat such fetters with disdain,
He rears, kicks, plunges, scours along the plain,
Till one wheel here, another there is lain.
The car disjointed, yet the traces keep
The shafts and axle, till the cliff, as steep

As those we meet on Albion's rugged shore,
His frantic fury mounts, then throws them o'er
The dreadful summit; rolling round and round,
They drag him with them down th' abyss profound.
The frighted rustic runs the beast to find,
A mangled car is all that's left behind.—
Unhappy peasant! yet how oft we trace
The like misfortunes in the human race.
The test of friends, the secret will disclose,
That bottle guests oft prove our hidden foes:
An enemy avow'd, all men may shun;
And few are openly by such undone.
But he who uses Friendship's sacred name,
To blind our reason, and to stab our fame,
Performs invidiously the dæmons part,
And poisons gladness with envenom'd dart.
The youth for law design'd thinks, soon or late,
He *must* be chancellor, as sure as fate:

But let experience once unfold his eyes;
'Tis all a sweepstakes, where each party tries,
But one alone must win the golden prize.
In this pursuit the youth full often spends
His patrimonial wealth, in making friends.
The life genteel requires an able purse;
He drinks, frequents the theatres, mounts his horse.
'Appearances,' he says, 'must be kept up:'
Invites a party constantly to sup—
Boasts his connexions; doubles every guest,
And duly reckons on their friends, at least.
Not long, indeed, in this career he reigns,
Say nought of women, wine his treasure drains.
Women, alas! attend his table too:
Deluded women—we must pity you:
Deserted by the world, oblig'd to roam,
Where dissipation welcomes you a home:

Abandon'd by your sex, are glad to find,
The very 'semblance of a generous mind.
If ye attend him till his money's gone,
Ye bear the blame of having him undone;
A cruel case—your own misfortunes sure,
Are guilt sufficient for ye to endure.
If men are weak enough to spend their wealth,
Let them not strive to hide the deed, by stealth.
Of your poor wreck of fame; the very deed
Enfeebles manhood, and makes pity bleed.
No! let mankind but act the nobler part,
Ye would be virtuous then, and void of art.
First taught deception by our sex, 'tis plain,
Th' advantage on us you retort for gain.
But let us wave the subject of your fate,
And draw the curtain o'er your hapless state.
From Disappointment all your troubles flow;
From her alone proceeds your weight of woe.

Oft she allures men with such strange decoys,
Whenever honor from their presence flies,
That when they fancy they have thousands won,
Their own devices have themselves undone.—
A country youth, whose parents long had made
An honest living by a farm, *not trade*,
To London hies, by sample sells his corn,
And takes the money ere his crop is shorn:
His conscience tells him, he has acted wrong,
And oft upbraids him as he walks along.
Two well known sharpers mark his nervous fear,
One goes before, the other in his rear;
A case is dropp'd, the countryman cries 'share,'
Agreed—'tis fix'd—they to some haunt repair,
When, lo, a diamond cross, a ring, or pin,
Are, with receipt of value, found therein.
Enraptur'd with dame Fortune's lucky prize,
A thousand pleasures dance before his eyes;

A thousand lustres dart from every stone,
Which Hodge, bewilder'd, marks for half his own.
But to divide them different ways they go;
And 'twould not be discreet for them to shew
To any tradesman living nigh, for fear
Their legal owner might, perchance, appear.
Who's most about him of *the ready* then,
Must keep the casket till they meet again.
The trembling rustic once more feasts his eyes,
And sees the sum, one thousand pounds arise,
Fair on a stamp, examines that all round,
Finds it correct, deposits pound on pound,
Till the last shilling from his purse he drains;
The late reward of all his anxious pains,
The rogue, by stratagem like this, obtains.
They now depart, in other words, adjourn,
For both agree to meet again next morn,
Tho' none intended, for, thought Hodge, I'll be,
My cunning fellow, now too deep for thee;

To-morrow morning, ere I leave the town,
I'll sell these jewels, which I'll make my own:
Thou nothing knows of me, I'm very sure,
So in this matter I shall be secure.
O'er-joy'd, they both exchange the word, 'Good
'day:'
Each felt it so elated with his prey:
Tho' none had reason, for this seeming glee,
The sad reverse to-morrow's sun will see.
No sleep obtain'd that night, next morn, in haste,
He tries to sell them, finds them Dovey's Paste;
He storms, he rages, all his treasure gone,
Himself out-witted, ruin'd, and undone.
In wild despair he runs from street to street,
Some tidings of these wicked rogues to meet:
Then flies to justice, for redress he prays,
The myrmidons dispatch their various ways;
To every *boosing place* the minions fly,
And, from their *flushness*, soon the *sharps* descry.

The proffer'd premium of *twenty pound;*
The rogues detected, and securely bound.
Now on to Bow-street as they pass along,
The frantic rustic joins the rabble throng—
'Ar'n't you two pretty villains, now,' he cries;
Grinning, till fury started from his eyes:
'Ar'n't you two pretty villains now,' says he;
'I'faith, good master, you should say, we three!
'Had they been diamonds, as you thought they were,
'You would have cheated him that's very clear.
'An honest person ever will restore,
'To lawful owners, what he finds, therefore
'You see, we were but runners, that is plain,
'And caught another rogue—a rogue in grain!'—
On great men's promises whoe'er depends,
Unless much interest his cause befriends,
Will find, at length, his suiting all in vain;
And Disappointment, with her fretful train,

Of doubts, uncertainties, suspense, and fears,
The sole reward of his awaiting years.
Just so the man who sway'd the martial sword,
And mov'd whole legions by a single word;
Depriv'd, at once, of honor, wealth, and fame,
Base scandal haunts him, and befouls his name.
He who at splendid feasts so lately fed,
Without a shelter now to lay his head,
But doom'd to wander, abject and forlorn,
A sleepless traverser, the streets till morn;
The door debarr'd, no entrance now he gains;
To knock, an insult but rewards his pains:
His needy landlord, eager for his rent,
Snores on his pillow, fill'd with discontent.
Next morn, with cringing look, and palid face,
With every mark humility can trace:
Behold him creeping, shameful, to the door,
With gentle rap, the signal of the poor,

Which now he gives, and that in conscious fear,
Lest any other than the maid appear.
How chang'd the scene, he that a-while ago,
Could give the balm to heal another's woe,
Reduc'd from plenty, to most abject want,
Now doom'd to plead, an humble supplicant;
As Bellisarius, forc'd to beg his bread
From those, whom late his generous bounty fed.
Fortunes secure by slow degrees are made;
'Tis time, and diligence, secures the trade:
By speculation thousands are undone,
Whence'er the dæmon mounts her wily throne:
The tradesman finds his treasures tinsel-foil,
And gilded bubbles but reward his toil;
With every bait she lays some hidden snare,
Which to escape requires his utmost care.
Thus does the dæmon treat her dearest friends
Deceit and cunning, where her power extends.

True honor only forms the surest shield;
While perseverance makes the foe to yield.
Integrity and worth, should be our guide,
And all our conduct by these rules be tried:
Then would the dæmon banish from our sight,
And all our actions tend to pure delight.

TALES, &c.

BETSEY BELL.—*A pathetic Tale.*

THE wind blew bleak, the night was dark,
Cold piercing fell the rain,
Returning late across the Park,
I heard a voice complain;

'O! give relief, kind stranger do!'
Resounded up the Mall;
With eager steps I nearer drew,
And found poor Betsey Bell.

Poor Betsey once, when young and fair,
Most lasses did excel;
And all admir'd the lively air
Of charming Betsey Bell.

Serene in cottage sweet she'd sing,
As many swains can tell;
Well pleas'd a garland new to bring
For pretty Betsey Bell.

Contentment blest her humble state,
No rising cares did swell;
Nor e'er could pride the heart dilate
Of lovely Betsey Bell.

So soft, so fair, so innocent,
Her words like music fell;
Belov'd by all, where'er she went,
Was charming Betsey Bell.

The spoiler saw, he vow'd a flame,
Which she could not repel;
He swore his honor, wealth, and fame,
Were all in Betsey Bell.

He urg'd so fair, she thought him true,
For where no guile did dwell,
Suspicion enter'd not in view,
To warn poor Betsey Bell.

Seduc'd from home, this once fair maid,
To vice a victim fell;
Deceiv'd, abandon'd, and betray'd,
Was poor, lost, Betsey Bell.

For four long days no friend she'd seen,
Tho' many new her well;
And in that time no food had been
Receiv'd by Betsey Bell.

In vain she sought a home to find,
Once more in peace to dwell;
Her virtue lost, the world unkind;
Despising Betsey Bell.

I rais'd her gently from the ground,
Where faint and weak she fell;
The traits of beauty still I found
On poor, lost, Betsey Bell.

But ah! too late, alas! to save;
For, hark! we hear the knell,
Proclaim the summons to the grave
Of poor, lost, Betsey Bell.

THE PRISONER AND HIS DOG.

'WHAT ails thee, master, why stay lingering
'here?'
The wistful look, the sympathizing tear,
Of faithful Carlo asks, who marks that sigh,
That pensive thought, the phrenzy of thine eye.
O, why not range the verdant fields to-day?
The weather's fine, and sport lies in the way.
Alas, poor Carlo! little dost thou know,
The strange reverse that he must undergo:
Ah, little thinks thou late, that lurking near,
Two sturdy fellows sought, and brought him here.
A cruel sportsman, whom we plaintiff name,
Has mark'd thy master for his legal game.

Soon, soon, perhaps, immur'd within the wall
Of this dull mansion must thy master fall,
A prey to want, to suffering disgrace;
To all the horrors of so vile a place.
Yet what's the crime? that for his friend alone,
He pass'd his word, and made the debt his own.
A promis'd note, upon a future day,
Of twenty pounds demand, agreed to pay:
That day arriv'd, now past a week or more;
His credit banish'd, with his former store;
Of wealth and friends possest, ill-fated day,
When want appearing, drove them far away:
And when for succour he their kindness press'd,
With some excuse, each pass'd him to the rest:
No longer now they ope' thy master's door;
Who stands arraign'd—the crime—his being poor!

POOR AMELIA.

Is that poor Amelia in tatters we see,
Now begging for alms at our door?
She who once so witty, and pleasant could be,
Whose presence delighted the first company;
Forlorn, and dejectedly poor.

The time is not long since she dash'd it away,
Her equipage dazzled all round;
In the Park, at the Opera, ball, or the play,
No fair one so dashing, no frail one so gay,
As Amelia, was there to be found.

In health, youth, and beauty, she luxury knew,
But charms without prudence will fail;
They who once forsake it most surely will rue,
And find like Amelia, this principle true,
'That virtue o'er vice will prevail.'

THE THREE INNS AT BOLTON.

A Lancashire Story.

MEN judge but from comparison alone;
And few know more than what they're taught, or shewn.

Three country bumpkins met together,
Thus exchang'd their simple tale;
Talk'd of harvest, wind, and weather,
And the hosts who kept good ale.

'John,' says one, 'What house would *yo* chuse?'
'Why *mon*, I can hardly say;
'But the one that I the most use,
'Is the *Tit Shuff*,* for good hay.

* Horse Shoe.

'That may be,' said Tom-a-dale,
'But, for my part, I'm no *siper*,*
'And can always find good ale,
'At *Windy-bonk*, a'th' *Flying Piper*.' †

Will said he always found that *felly*,
A'th' *Three Night Caps* ‡ us'd him best;
For he'd all things good for th' belly,
And good beds at night, for rest.

* Siper, one who sips only; a provincial phrase for a sober man.

† The Angel.

‡ The Three Crowns.

THE BOLTON TROTTERS:

Or Plebeian Humour—An Ode Pindaric.

BOLTON 's a place, my friend,
Where you a pleasant life may spend,
If you are so inclin'd;
For as 'tis seated 'midst the moors,
It has its gentlemen and boors,
As travellers may find.

There is a bar of public fame
For trotting, don't suppose the same
Betokens riding,—for 'tis no such thing,
'Tis only *queering*, strangers jeering,

Tho' abusing, yet producing,
Liquor plenty:—
For if to *kick** you here are found,
You then must pay your glasses round;
Perhaps twenty,
More or less,
As is the party you may guess.

A gentleman we here shall name,
'Squire Neddy, once to Bolton came,
Who, trusting in his common sense
To guard against impertinence;
Resolv'd to know the full intent,
And purport, of what trotting meant.
No sooner was this curious man
Arriv'd at Moss's Inn, the Swan,

* Act or speak contrary to the opinion of the majority, however ridiculous the matter in question may be.

Than loud he calls, ‘ Here, host, I pray,
‘ Come shew me where
‘ Your trotters are,
‘ For I have travell'd far this way,
‘ To see and know, e'er I return,
‘ What is the theme,
‘ Or what the scheme,
‘ Of this said trot,
‘ Which you have got:’
Then with impatience seem'd to burn.
‘ Sir,’ cries the host, ‘ I fear to-day
‘ There are no *gemmen* in the way;
‘ But to oblige you, Sir, I'll try,
‘ By sending out the stable boy;
‘ If any are upon the spot,
‘ I warrant they'll be easy got.’
Out flew the boy,
Elate with joy,

Thinking, if he these folks should find,
The gentleman would be so kind
As to reward him with a shilling;
A circumstance, which made him willing
To be quite civil;—
For 'twas a compliment, he knew,
Would pass with heathen, turk, or jew,
Or eke the devil.
But bows, and scrapes, or thank ye, Joe,
Were things that stunn'd his senses so,
The *duce* a step for them he'd go;—
Not he, no, no.
What time was pass'd in this delay,
It matters not for us to say.
We'll now suppose the gentry met,
And each, of course, his lips had wet
In ruddy port;
And now the sport

Began,

Thus ran;—

Says one, ‘ I very much admire

‘ Those waistcoats made of iron wire;

‘ I wonder how they wear so soft!’

At which ’Squire Neddy, rais’d aloft

His voice, and cried, ‘ Good Lord, of such

‘ I never heard,—are they of Dutch

‘ Or English make?’ ‘ Lord, Sir, you stare;

‘ We mean the garment which you wear.’

‘ The one I’ve on? *why* how you jeer!

‘ *Why* this I’ve got, I’m very clear,

‘ Is made of Wiltshire kerseymere:’—

‘ ’Tis so,’ one half the party cries:

‘ ’Tis iron,’ t’other half replies:

‘ *’Tis only just within a mile*

‘ That such are made:’—

At which the parties, with a smile,

A wager laid:

Resolv'd, of truth to put the test,
That bottles round must answer best.
The jurors now to be selected,
Must be from those who were expected
To thus declare—upright and fair,
Whether *from* iron, or mohair,
Sheep's wool, or cotton,
Or what not *on*,
Was made the waistcoat he did wear!
The president, with looks profound,
And voice which made the room rebound,
Attention call'd,
While he out-bawl'd,
And thus address'd them all around:—
'Silence! silence! pray gentlemen!
'What is our number? even, ten
'Besides myself (which makes one more)
'Whose vote is always kept in store,

'To be of use, when ye divide
'Your voices so,
'With aye or no,
'That none can tell the strongest side.
'You've heard the question, now proceed.
'Hands up all ye for iron—*five!*
'Tis five and five, *as I'm alive.*
'Just even number—I decide.'
Then with a pantomimic face,
Which comic humour seem'd to grace,
He rose, then hem'd, began to stammer,
But took a refuge in his hammer,
By rapping first upon the table,
A circumstance of mighty use,
To chairmen who are not profuse
Of *argumentum*, or quite able,
In elocution to succeed;
But whether this the case, or no,

The're few but preface with a blow
Or two, just so .....
Hem, '*Gemmen*, 'tend; attend, I pray;
' Your votes are equal, aye and nay,
' The casting one remains with me,
' So hear my final, just, decree:
' And that alone ye must rely on,
' As such, I give my vote for iron.'
' For iron, Sir! the reason *why*?'
Our hero cried, ' Sir, know that I
' Must that demand, without delay,
' Before the wager I shall pay.'
' You had it, Sir, before in use,
' And only put it to abuse.
' Had you reserv'd your *y*'s for me,
' And not with vowels been so free,
' My verdict had been *irony*.'
' If that's the case,' the losers cried,
' Pray why should he escape untried?

'Twas through him that we all have lost;
'He surely must defray the cost!'
'Hands up again:'—when nine clear votes
Command 'Squire Neddy's *three* pound notes.
The extra bottle, for the fine,
Completes the dozen of the wine;
Which if to pay he does not yield,
From *wrandling* * they could not shield
His head of hair;
Which made him stare;
And as he found what trotting meant,
He gravely for the liquor sent:
But this he carried in his mind,
That trotting was a vile abuse,
A thing no gentleman could use,
'Twas so uncivil in its kind.

* A most barbarous custom in Lancashire, of a whole company attacking an individual, by pulling him by the hair of his head.

TASTE.

Two city squires, the other day,
To dine at Richmond sped their way;
The one whom wealth and care had churl'd,
Grown over rich, despis'd the world:—
The other, liberal in th' extreme,
Had travell'd far, and much had seen;
Improv'd his mind, enjoy'd his friend,
And found his pleasure in the end.
No sooner had they reach'd the hill,
Than both to gaze around stood still:
For who could pass unnoticed by
The charms which with each other vie;
The tufted trees, the velvet green,
The Thames meand'ring through the scene;

The glimpse of where the muses dwelt;
When Pope the fire of Homer felt;
The azure hill, which marks the space,
On which our monarch's seat we trace;
The verdant lawn, the rosy vale,
Where Thompson told his Summer's tale.
Can any view such sacred groves,
And not conceive them made for loves?
'Good God,' exclaim'd the man of taste,
'Was ever prospect half so chaste!'—
'Chaste,' cries his friend, 'you little know
'What passes in yon fields below,
'Which I'll be bound the amorous swain,
'And willing damsel, could explain;
'And as for Pope, I knew him well,
'Now dead and gone, his works they sell;
'But when alive, I'll not belie him,
'I ne'er could get a shilling by him:—

'The prospect too! why all one sees,
'Is nought but water, grass, and trees;
'Take them away, what would remain?
'A heap of soil, or barren plain:
'Such sights wont fill an hungry belly,
'Yonder's the prospect, let me tell ye;
'The grand palladium of art,
'Where soon I hope to play my part.'
Then pointing to the Star and Garter
He left his friend, convuls'd with laughter,
To dine on Taste, or follow after.

FORTY AND THE FRENCHMAN.

A Richmond Tale of the last Century.

FORTY, as fame has handed down,
About a dozen miles from town,
A tavern kept, where Cits to dine,
And take a generous glass of wine,
Did oft resort, who spar'd no cost,
Which so enrich'd its worthy host,
That sometimes he was heard to say,
'Dame Folly held her court that way,
'For which her votaries *ought* to pay.'

Now on a time it came to pass,
A Frenchman hither took his lass,

Resolv'd to give her one good treat,
Of every dainty she could eat:
On choicest rarities to dine,
And quaff the most delicious wine.
But when he came the bill to pay,
The charges struck him with dismay,
When summing up the whole he found,
Amounted nearly to *three pound!*
Monsieur review'd the items o'er:
'*Mon dieu!*' exclaim'd, but said no more;
Till over-hearing that the rats
Had been too many for the cats,
That, 'spite of all their watchful care,
They'd purloin'd pheasant, goose, and hare:
'Oh, Oh!' said he, '*dis is de vay*;
'*So den for rat you make me pay;*
'*Vell, vell, perhaps it yet may be,*
'*Dat dis same rat may pay for me.*'

So quickly for the master sends,
Who, with a pleasant smile attends.
'*Your servant, Sir, me glad you come,*
'*You find de rat be troublesome.*'
'Indeed we do, Sir, for each tide,
'They come up from the river's side
'In such great numbers, that we fear,
'The house from them will ne'er be clear.
'My cellar so with them abounds,
'To drive them I would give ten pounds.'
'*Ten pounds! indeed! vell, let me see,*
'*You be so civil, Sir, to me,*
'*I charge no more I vow dan tree.*
'*So how to send dem all away.*
'*De secret shall de dinner pay.*'
Forty o'erjoy'd, to think so soon
The vermin now would meet their doom,
Agreed with pleasure to the terms,
Which, with the Frenchman, he confirms:

Who thus explain'd :—' *See, Sir, your bill;*
' *Dis is for rat de famous pill;*
' *You charge dem all as you charge me,*
' *By gar, no more de rat you see !!!*'
Our landlord, who was thus out-witted,
In dudgeon quick his presence quitted;
Nor even bid his guest good day,
Who call'd his chaise, and drove away.

CANZONETS.

*Those marked with a * are set to music, which may be had at* Messrs. Button *and* Purdett's, *late* H. Thompson's, 75, *St. Paul's Church Yard, from whence all the respectable music venders may be supplied.*

THE DOVE.*

FAIR Celia had taken a dove from its nest,
Whose mate had just perish'd with cold,
And plac'd the poor mourner close to her warm breast,
Which I eagerly sought to behold.

Soft emblem of constancy, prithee forbear,
She sigh'd, the fond bird to remove;
'Ah, no!' I reply'd, 'no never my dear,
'Will I take from thy bosom the dove.'

She blush'd as I spoke, and the crimson tide told,
No anguish her soul had opprest;
Pure innocence beam'd o'er the beautiful mould,
And tenderness glow'd in her breast.

'Detested be he!' from this moment I said,
'That e'er the chaste bird would remove;
'O may thou still cherish, most beautiful maid,
'In that bosom thy emblem, the dove.'

THE SAILOR'S DAUGHTER.*

A PALE forlorn outcast, I wander alone;
A parent's protection to me is unknown;
When a poor little infant my mother I lost;
My father abroad, on the wide ocean tost;
For GEORGE and his kingdom, he braves the rude seas,
Repelling all dangers, while you sit at ease,
But soon he'll return with abundance of wealth,
And restore to his daughter the blessings of health.
Oh! grant her some succour, to soften her grief;
Let not a tar's offspring in vain seek relief.

O! listen ye great ones, whom hunger and cold,
Or want ne'er opprest yet, nor deem me too bold,
Should pity not move you, let gratitude plead,
And think, what defending your luxuries need:
Were all folks like father and me, I am sure,
No dread of invaders would any endure;
'Tis opulence only, which tempts the base foe,
The plunder of Britain 's his object ye know:
'Tis my father protects you, led on by his chief,
While his daughter, neglected, now sues for relief.

THE ROSE.

SURE 'tis mistaken pleasure,
That beauty would destroy;
If virtue is a treasure,
Oh! let us that enjoy.

Within yon shady bower,
Where late I did repose,
I mark'd an opening flower,
A beauteous damask rose.

At first I thought to gather
The bud, which caught mine eye,
But surely we had rather
Behold it bloom than die.

THE ZEPHYRS.

Ye gentle zephyrs as ye rove
O'er meads and streamlets free,
Go whisper softly to my love,
"Thy Henry lives for thee."

O dwell not on the myrtle's spray,
Nor taste the flow'rets sweet;
For richer treasures sure you may,
With lovely Celia meet:

Her cheeks surpass the blooming rose,
Her breath the ripening pine,
Her charms more fragrance can disclose,
Than groves of jessamine.

Then haste to bear from Celia's lips,
The tender sigh for me;
Ambrosial odour as ye sip,
Say, " Henry lives for thee."

HOPE.

CHEERING Hope let me enjoy thee,
Never more from me to part,
Stay, oh stay, and do not fly me,
Let thy mansion be my heart.

Choicest pleasure, richest blessing,
By thy aid we mortals know,
In thee every charm possessing,
Constant raptures from thee flow:

Stay then here, and fix thy dwelling,
Never more from me to part;
In thee every joy excelling,
Welcome to my willing heart.

THE LANGUAGE OF LOVE.

See gentle maiden, how thy lover tries,
In vain, to speak the language of his eyes,
Which would a thousand tender things reveal:
Ah! see how anxious, wishing to prevail:
Evermore they tell thee, constant as the dove,
Faithful and true, for ever will he prove;
"Listen, oh listen, 'tis the voice of Love."

FATE THE CUP OF LIFE WILL MINGLE.

FATE the cup of life will mingle,
With its sweets and bitters too;
They who taste the honey single,
Must partake their share of rue.

Sweet is life when love directs us
To a kind and virtuous fair;
But when doubting fears perplex us,
Then 'tis anguish, grief, and care.

Sweeter yet is that sensation,
When two hearts in union meet;
But the pain of separation,
Mingles sorrow with the sweet.

Mutual love is ever pleasing,
When the object we obtain;
Smiles can raptures add unceasing,
While a single frown gives pain.

RONDO. *

COME thou pleasing soft sensation;
Come and give thy vot'ry rest;
Julia calls thee to thy station,
Take possession of her breast.

What is life without thy blessing,
When with anxious cares opprest;
In thee every joy excelling,
Welcome Cupid to her breast.

* Set by Mr. Cobham.

THE NIGHTINGALE.*

SWEET, at morn, the sky lark sang:
The woods, at noon, in concert rang;
When each warbler tun'd its throat,
Responsive to the varied note:
But when evening calm'd the dale,
Sweetly sang the nightingale.

When with eager steps I stray'd,
To meet my William in the shade,
Where the rose, and sweet woodbine,
With lilies gay, and myrtles twine,
There, when evening calm'd the dale,
Sweetly sang the nightingale.

When the moon with silver light,
Smil'd around and blest the night,
Sweet contentment hail'd us now,
As we seal'd the mutual vow:
There when evening calm'd the dale,
Sweetly sang the nightingale.

When exchanging sighs for love,
Raptures fill'd the verdant grove,
Sweetly echo'd every tree,
'Happy pair, most happy be."
Thus when evening calm'd the dale,
Sweetly sang the nightingale.

MODESTY.

WOULD you gain a lady's favor,
Let discretion be your guide;
Delicacy must endeavour,
All their little faults to hide.

Modesty, if you unveil it,
Like the zephyr in a rose,
Dwelling while the leaves conceal it,
Flies the moment we disclose.

CONTENTMENT.

Give me the life with her I love,
Let but the bliss be still the same;
Nor wish for other joys to rove,
But constant to my present flame.

Then should our time in pleasure pass,
Each hour succeed to mirth and glee;
Contented with my charming lass,
I'd then enjoy felicity.

WHEN OF THEE, SWEETEST GIRL, I SING.

When of thee, sweetest girl, I sing,
It calls to mind the blooming spring,
Presenting to my view.
As blossoms opening to my eyes,
The dawn of future blessing lies,
Concentred all in you.

Should e'er rude shocks approach thee near,
I'll shield thee with the utmost care;
In me thou shalt be sure,
To find a swain who e'er will prove,
In constancy, and matchless love,
A guardian most secure.

Then let me but my hopes attain,
'Tis all I ask or wish to gain,
'Tis all the world can give:
Let me, in Celia, but enjoy
Those pleasing charms which never die;
For virtues ever live.

LOVELY SUSAN. *

Lovely Susan, I adore thee,
Thou to me appear'st divine;
Grant my suit, I do implore thee;
Let me ever call thee mine.

Time shall pass away in pleasure,
Charms like thine, devoid of guile,
Shall surpass all other treasure;
Bliss increase with every smile.

Joy within thy breast reposes,
Heaven beams within thine eyes,
On thy cheeks lay damask roses,
Perfumes from thy lips arise.

* Set by Mr. G. Lanza, Jun. The music published by Bennison, *Albemarle Street.*

Grant me, O ye powers! this blessing;
Love with me shall never cloy;
Send her to my arms caressing;
All I ask is mutual joy.

BASHFULNESS.

WHEN first I saw my charming maid,
Of power bereft to speak my mind,
Which would a thousand things have said;
A thousand tender things, and kind.

My fault'ring voice, my doubts, and fears,
Her own superior worth alarm'd;
That when I would address her ear,
My resolution was disarm'd.

Mine eyes, tho' often have exprest,
That truth, which in them you'll perceive;
Of faithful love the surest test,
For tongues may flatter and deceive.

DESPONDENT.

No longer now I seek delight,
The pleasing dreams of love must end;
Contemplating from morn till night,
My hours in pensive mood I spend;

Tho' I may cease to vent my woe,
And to my sorrow not give way;
Distress like mine, sure none can know,
Since Sarah from my arms did stray.

Oh! once I thought her faithful, true;
My heart to her's was firmly bound;
But, ah! at length, away she flew,
Some richer swain has Sarah found.

Adieu, false hope, no more shall thou,
Deceive thy wayward wand'ring swain;
No longer shall I trust thee now,
For all thy flattery is in vain.

JOE, THE VOLUNTEER.

In plaintive strains poor Mary sung,
Lamenting her lost dear;
Her heart with bitter anguish wrung,
For Joe, the volunteer.

'Abroad he's gone, so far away,
'He'll not return, I fear;
'I ne'er have seen one happy day,
''Since Joe turn'd volunteer.'

Sometime she spent in agony,
No ray of hope to cheer,
When captain of his company,
Return'd the volunteer.

The joyous pair to church then went,
All sorrow banish'd there;
And charming Mary's now content,
With Joe, the volunteer.

THE PLEASURE OF PLEASING.

How quick the time passes when with my dear Nancy,
In gambols of pleasure we frolicksome play;
How dreary the moments, how dull is each fancy,
When thou, my dear charmer, art not in the way.

The pleasure of pleasing creates a new blessing,
The sweetest delight that we mortals can know,
Or hope to enjoy, or that's worth our possessing;
Oh! tell me, dear Nancy, pray is it not so?

How oft when together, has raptures unceasing,
Rewarded our efforts to bless, and be blest:
You know, my dear girl, that the pleasure of pleasing,
Increases each moment, the more it's carest.

THE SAILOR'S ADIEU.—*Palliative.*

ADIEU! my dear, farewell once more,
Tho' distant realms I must explore,
The fond remembrance still of thee,
Shall ever present be with me.

Each anxious care within my breast,
Shall in this consolation rest,
That Julia's vow of faithful love,
Shall every doubting fear remove.

Then dry those tears, and dread no ills,
While constancy thy bosom fills;
Protecting angels, from each snare,
Shall guard thee with the utmost care.

In plenty blest, our days to spend,
A thousand pleasures will attend,
A happy, safe, and rich return,
When from thy arms no more I'll journ.

THE FAREWELL.*

'Tis not the distance that can part
True love like ours entwin'd,
For in my absence is my heart,
The more to thee inclin'd.

I go, my fair, my duty calls,
'Tis honor spurs me on,
Secure of thy fond love no balls,
Or dangers, need I shun.

Thy virtue's pure, kind heaven will pay
Attention to thy prayer;
While I to battle speed my way,
My soul shall know no fear.

* Music by Thorley; published by Longman and Co. *Cheapside.*

With courage true, my breast I'll arm ;
Our cause is just and true ;
With thy fond love my bosom warm,—
Dear Mary now adieu !

THE BRITISH MESS.

THE KING.

Written on Lord Duncan's Victory.

THE King—God bless him! fill your glasses;
Prove yourselves of metal true;
Worth like his, all praise surpasses,
Let us give him honor due.
Duncan, he so match'd the Dutchmen;
Vincent made the Spaniards fly;
Howe so nobly drubb'd the Frenchmen,
Foes like these, we all defy.

We'll protect him from all dangers;
He shall ne'er have ought to fear;
We to duty are no strangers,
Should the enemy appear.
Duncan, he so, &c.

Noble souls expand while drinking;
Jacobins may run astray,
But from loyalty ne'er shrinking,
We will firmly by him stay.
Duncan, he so, &c.

Sons of faction, fly before him,
Who now rules the vanquish'd main;
All good subjects must adore him;
May God send him long to reign.
Duncan, he so, &c.

LORD NELSON'S VICTORY.

FAME spread thy wings, thy trumpet sound,
And in thy flight the globe around,
Our victories proclaim.
Tell every nation in the world,
On Gallia's fleet destruction's hurl'd,
And Britons rule the main.

Let Nelson's glory spread afar,
His noble feats in naval war,
Deserve a lofty theme;
And every loyal soul shall sing,
With heart-felt glee, God save the King,
That Britons rule the main.

Since France and Holland, Spain have join'd ;
Their armies and their fleets combin'd,
But prove their efforts vain :
Insulting foes, like these, no more,
Shall dare to leave their native shore,
While Britons rule the main.

No more invasion's sound we'll hear,
Nor Britons e'er have cause to fear,
In George's glorious reign :
While stedfast to our king we stand,
Our constitution, laws, and land,
Our tars shall guard the main.

ON LORD NELSON'S ARRIVAL IN TOWN.

HAIL, noble sailor! Briton's pride!
Thy proofs of valor, often tried,
Immortalize thy name.
In every clime thine arms have shone;
Around the world thy deeds are known,
So endless is thy fame.

Hail, noble warrior! blest and free;
Respected may he ever be,
Who thus protects our isle:
In lofty strains shall Britons sing,
With Nelson's praise whole nations ring,
The Hero of the Nile.

Hail, happy hero of the Nile!
On thee shall fortune ever smile;
Still Britons sing thy praise;
A grateful nation knows thy worth,
Which to posterity set forth,
Shall on its pillar * blaze.

* The naval pillar.

THE REVIEW.

'ATTENTION' 's the word, see the sovereign comes,
'Shoulder arms,' then 'present,' with the roll of the drums;
In the front of the line see a monarch appears,
Who enlivens the hearts of his bold volunteers.

Now we 'shoulder' again, and then backward we 'wheel;'
Oh, what pleasure does each loyal volunteer feel,
As in 'ordinary time' by his king he must move,
Whose benevolent smiles fill his bosom with love.

'Halt, wheel into line,' and manœuvres begin,
Right and left columns form'd, and deploy'd back again;
Then to shew how we'll humble the tyrant of France,
We retreat as we fire, and then charge and advance.

Our duty perform'd, then we march to present;
And our colours we drop as the last compliment;
Our monarch well pleas'd with so loyal a shew,
Now expresses his thanks, and thus ends our review.

BRITONS' BOAST.

ALBION raise thine head on high,
View the treasures in thy store,
From yon cliffs the myriads spy,
Hostile pointing at thy shore.
Promis'd plunder from the spoil,
Prompts them to the dangerous toil.

See thy valiant sons await,
Eager for the contest now,
Glowing with a martial heat,
Arm'd to strike the fatal blow;
Let them come prepar'd they stand,
To guard their native happy land.

SOUND OF WAR.

LET the direful sound of war,
Echo thunder from afar;
Let the drums and trumpets sound,
'Till Britain peace has found:
Our arms, our arms, our arms,
Ne'er dreaded wars alarms:
Britannia, Britannia, still the same,
Shall swell her glory, spread her fame,
And Britons gain a glorious name.

Shall a proud usurper say,
Britannia owns his sway?

Shall British hearts of oak
E'er bend beneath his yoke ?
Come bravely, bravely on,
Let every British son
Gain glory, glory, glory, in the day;
'Tis duty calls, and valour points the way,
To Britons' honor, victory.

GLEE, OR CATCH.

How shall we soldiers spend our time?
In love—in war—in drinking!
'Tis lovely woman, gen'rous wine,
That banish care and thinking.

So fill the glass, the sparkling glass,
And toast the health of Nancy,
Or any other favorite lass,
That strikes the soldier's fancy.

Then pass the goblet freely round,
'Tis love and war we're drinking;
To-morrow under arms when found,
Shall be the time for thinking.

GLORY.

AROUSE, arouse, let all attend,
Your nation and your rights defend,
Against the hostile strangers.
Prepare, prepare, the din of war,
Now echoes thund'ring from afar,
Away, and brave all dangers.

Rouse, noble Britons, strike the blow,
Decide the dreadful contest now,
See victory before ye:
'Tis glory, glory, glory calls,
Who dies to-day most nobly falls,
To rise again in glory.

Who fears his life in Virtue's cause,
A reptile disposition draws,
Unworthy of a man.
Be ours the task to strike dismay;
To conquer, or to die this day,
For GEORGE, is now our plan.

TO ARMS.

To arms, to arms! the trumpets sound,
To curb the tyrant's sway;
In British arms success is found,
And conquest marks the day.
To arms, to arms, to arms, we fly,
When duty calls,
No fear appals,
We conquer, or we nobly die.

To arms, to arms, to arms, we go,
'Tis honor leads the way,
Resolv'd to share the conflict's blow,
And glory of the day.
To arms, &c.

To arms, to arms, an hostile band,
Await our arms we see;
Prepar'd all, ready, Britons stand,
For glorious victory.
To arms, &c.

To arms, to arms, to arms, we go,
Devoid of every fear;
No dread of death can Britons know,
Tho' hosts of foes appear.
To arms, &c.

DUET.

Adieu my dear, prepar'd I go,
To meet my country's hostile foe.
And can you, Henry, from me go?
You shall not leave your Laura so.
We'll bid adieu, adieu, once more,
And still repeat it as before;
Adieu! adieu! adieu!

My duty calls me far away;
But 'tis your Laura bids you stay.
The cause admits of no delay;
'Tis love commands—you must obey;
We'll bid adieu, &c.

We'll say adieu, but never part,
For thou are constant with my heart;
No separation can we see,
For thou shall present ever be;
Adieu, adieu, &c.

LACONIC.

WHAT can I promise to the fair
I wish to make my wife?
That ev'ry wish, and ev'ry care,
Shall mutual be through life.

That I prefer you to the rest
Of woman-kind is plain;
Then say, why shall we not be blest,
Or why the bliss detain?

Oh, answer this, my charming maid;
Accept a soldier's hand;
Dispel these doubts, be not afraid,
To join in Hymen's band.

BACCHANALIAN.

Give me wine, give me wine, 'tis all I implore,
With the friend I esteem, or the girl I adore:
Companions I'll find, and these jovial ones too,
So long as a bottle I place in their view.

In social enjoyment, my hours I would pass,
With my jolly acquaintance, my friend, or my lass:
At the evils of life I shall never repine,
While care I can drown in a bumper of wine.

Good wine gives us vigor, it makes the heart bold,
'Tis the fire of the youth, and the balm of the old.
Its virtues are purest, the quicker it flows;
It strengthens our friendship, and lessens our foes.

SONG.

COME on now, my lads, since the enemy dare
Us to combat, once more, I've a notion,
It behoves every seaman some glory to share,
When we meet with his fleet on the ocean.

He tells us, 'that singly we are not his match,'
But he'll find to his cost, I've a notion;
That his sailors must one day come under our hatch,
When we meet with his fleet on the ocean.

There's Howe, Duncan, Vincent, and Nelson, have shewn
Him enough to convince him, I've a notion,
And he'll find a few more will be equally known,
When they meet with his fleet on the ocean.

A seaman of Britain will ever contend
For the right of the seas, I've a notion,
And never to France will the royal flag bend,
When we meet with her fleet on the ocean.

Set by Mr. Hammond.

DUET.

1.

ACCEPT a faithful soldier's hand
Thou fairest of the fair;
Let us be tied by Hymen's bands,
'Tis bondage light as air.

2.

Say, what pretensions can you shew,
Thus boldly to declare?
Suppose, fond youth, I marry you,
What is my lot to share?

1.

I promise thee a faithful heart;
A mind to serve thy will:
In duty bound, I'll act my part;
With love thy bosom fill.

2.

Then from this moment I am thine;
My soldier's bride I'll be;
Should troubles come I'll ne'er repine,
But share them all with thee.

BOTH.

I promise thee a faithful heart,
A mind to serve thy will;
In duty bound, I'll act my part;
With love thy bosom fill.

MY FRIEND, MY WIFE, AND I.

Give me a friend, with whom to spend,
A jovial hour or two:
Let her I love, in virtue prove,
Constant, sincere, and true.

Should troubles come, they'd find no home,
But from the house would fly:
A match we'll be for misery,
My friend, my wife, and I.

My wife should dare the threats of care;
My friend all sorrows drown;
My lot must be, by industry,
To let no wants be known.

Thus free from care, enough to spare,
My life I'd thus enjoy;
O'er merry tale, with jug of ale,
My friend, my wife, and I.

THE MUTINEERS.

And did you never read, as in fable 'tis related,
How the members of the human frame, like jacobins, debated;
And thus a resolution form'd, you'll smile at when I tell ye,
No longer to support their own corpulent round belly,
So lost were they to just discrimination,
That all agreed, with one accord, to this determination.

The hands no longer chose to work, the brain no longer think;
The teeth refus'd to chew their food, the mouth refus'd to drink;
The eyes no longer deign'd to peep, the tongue no longer talk;
And as they could not find their way, the feet no longer walk.
So lost were they, &c.

The nose complain'd of loathsome smells, and so
refus'd to bear them;
The ears with all this grievance stunn'd, no longer
now would hear them;
And thus the mutiny went on, till parch'd and
dried like leather,
The belly, and the members too, soon perish'd all
together.
So lost were they, &c.

Don't think this fable very strange, the moral is
the thing,
For by the belly, here is meant, a gracious loving
king,
Which to defend is just and right, with all our best
endeavour,
And ne'er refuse for him to fight, but all unite
together:
So shall we join in just discrimination,
And every Briton must agree in this determi-
nation.

SOLDIERS' JUBILEE.

Soldiers, fill the sparkling glass,
In social glee our hours we'll pass,
And each one toast the fav'rite lass,
That gives his heart true pleasure.

Let love and loyalty abound;
Th' inspiring wine put briskly round,
In harmony true joys are found,
Surpassing endless treasure.

When duty calls us to the field,
The sons of faction soon shall yield,
Our noble cause will be our shield,
And guard us in all danger:

See victory before us stands;
United now, we join all hands;
The cause our utmost zeal demands,
To crush the hostile stranger.

When drums and trumpets cease to sound,
And peace a lasting seat has found,
With laurels shall our brows be crown'd,
Rewards of martial glory.

The British fair shall bless our days;
United live a life of ease;
Our countrymen shall sing our praise,
Renown'd in future story.

COMIC, &c.

THE SENATE OF COMICAL FELLOWS.

Anacreontic.

My friends would you hear how our senate did form,
By Comus solicited down from above;
Our charter by wing-footed Mercury born,
By Pallas approv'd, was commission'd by Jove.

To true sons of harmony, Friendship and Mirth,
Was directed the summons, which came from the sky,
And Mercury soon as he reached the earth,
To the ports of old Albion did presently fly.

No sooner arriv'd there than thus he began,
His mission to read with an audible voice;
Which no sooner heard than choice blades to a man,
Declar'd jolly Comus the god of their choice.

Old Comus accepted the offer with glee,
And thus his instructions sent down from above,
Since comical fellows you rank now from me,
My order is Charity, Friendship, and Love.

Attach'd to your king, and your country's cause,
Protection you'll find from the powers below;
Integrity, justice, and truth, are my laws;
Be merry and wise, is my maxim you know.

THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

The monarch of the brutal train,
O'er the wide forest once did reign;
But as he'd been in search of prey,
A hunting all one summer's day,
Quite tir'd, beneath an oak he lay.

A little mouse, who chanc'd to be,
Conceal'd within the hollow tree,
No sooner saw his king asleep,
Than, just to take a little peep,
Along his shaggy back did creep.

The lion woke, the mouse he saw,
And seizing him within his paw,
Cries, 'little rebel, know who dares,
'Disturb my rest, but little cares
'For life, so quickly say your pray'rs.'

With trembling limbs, and streaming eyes,
The little mouse for mercy cries,
'Forgive me, Sire, I do implore;
'I never will offend you more;
'I did not mean it now, I'm sure.'

The culprit heartily repents,
The gen'rous lion now relents:
And thus unto the mouse did say,
'Thy pardon's granted, go thy way,
'But with thine equals henceforth play.

The lion next, with all his care,
Was caught within the huntsman's snare;
He roar'd so loud, the woods resound,
His cries brought all his friends around,
Among the rest the mouse was found.

The nobler beasts all strove to get
The royal sov'reign from the net,
But all their efforts proving vain,
The mouse soon gnaw'd the knot in twain,
And set the lion free again.

THE AIR BALLOON.

You sing of stage coaches, or mails, as you please,
A fig for such snail pac'd conveyance as these;
If a journey you'd wish to perform very soon,
There's nothing so handy as an air balloon.

We've no change of horses, to cause a delay;
Besides, without stopping, you dine on the way;
Ninety miles in an hour must bring you in soon,
The rate of my famous swift grand air balloon.

If it happen to rain, to hail, or to snow,
Such weather we leave to the people below;
For we can surmount all such obstacles soon;
So pray take your place in my famous balloon.

For east or for west, it is no matter where,
I'll carry you safe through the regions of air;
If any should wish for a trip to the moon,
The only conveyance is my air balloon.

DUET.

RICHARD.

My Jenny, I am come to woo,
What signifies so much ado?
I love you well, you'll find me true,
What more can any say?

JENNY.

Go, get you home, I pray, begone;
Think you that I'm so easy won?
I'd have you know, Sir, I'm not one,
Who's to be caught that way.

RICHARD.

But, Jenny, if I make you mine,
You surely then would not repine,
For all I have shall sure be thine,
What have you now to say?

JENNY.

Why, since you seem to be sincere,
A word or two, within your ear;
I'm yours; what think you now, my dear?
So let us fix the day.

BOTH.

To-morrow, oh! then let it be;
It cannot be too soon for me;
Then welcome mirth and jollity,
To crown the wedding day.

MASQUERADE.

SHAKESPEAR you know, sometime ago,
Said all the world was but a stage,
And surely we, must now agree,
That acting is no less the rage.

The difference is, but merely this,
When some folks have their speeches said,
'Tis hard to say, what part they play,
They act so much in masquerade.

To Westminster, I went to hear
About a song, the law display'd,
Such laugh and sport, fill'd all the court,
'Twas Abra'm Newland's masquerade.

The lawyers round, likewise I found,
In dominos were all array'd,
I left the law, for soon I saw,
The whole was wrapt in masquerade.

The doctors all, both great and small,
Will feel your pulse with much parade,
They'll take your purse, and make you worse,
Thus physic's but a masquerade.

Your courtier now will firmly vow
To serve his king, through gore to wade,
But out of place, alters the case,
You find it all a masquerade.

The bucks in Bond-street lounge along,
Or idly up the Mall parade,
Their squinting glass, no girl can pass,
Their sight seems all a masquerade.

The merchant will, his coffers fill,
By traffic in the negro trade,
Yet zealous be, for liberty,
What is all this but masquerade.

The country clown, comes up to town,
By corn a rapid fortune made,
He stupid seems, while no one dreams,
How he can play in masquerade.

Your lovers who, their mistress do
By every art to wed persuade,
Oft act a part, which in their heart
They know is all a masquerade.

Thus fortune sports, with him who courts
The favors of the fickle jade,
Who her believes, she soon deceives,
She always plays in masquerade.

KITTY OF THE GREEN.

BLITHE Kitty was the sweetest lass,
When but just turn'd fifteen;
Of parents poor, tho' not obscure;
Their cot stood on the green.

Poor Kitty's heart ne'er felt the smart
Of guilt, or vicious scene;
But, happy she, in heart-felt glee,
Enliven'd all the green.

Content in cot, she found her lot,
Tho' homely, yet not mean,
No country swain but strove to gain,
Sweet Kitty of the Green.

THE LITTLE SWEEPER.

In Drury-lane, with broom in hand,
As sprightly as may be,
The crossing swept, I take my stand,
To curtsey to my fee.

From gentlemen who pass me by,
I ne'er incur a blame,
Tho' nothing get, my constant cry
Is, 'thank you,' all the same.

'Twas late one night when tripping home,
My labour at an end,
A gay young spark would fain become
My sweetheart, he'd pretend.

To steal a kiss in vain he tried,
Tho' much he urg'd his flame,
'Excuse me, Sir,' I cheerly cried,
'I thank you all the same.'

For soon as Robin comes ashore
From sea, where long he's been,
My sweeping trade I'll then give o'er,
Nor be in tatters seen;

For he will not a heart despise
That knows not guilt or shame;
Yet should he never take a prize,
I'll love him all the same.

ANSWER TO

'O NANNY WILT THOU GANG WITH ME?'

Oh! tell me, Willy, whence arose
Thy doubts of Nanny's constancy;
Or for a moment why suppose
She would na gang along wi' thee?
I'll ne'er forsake my Willy, no!
The only boon on earth I crave,
Is that I may all pomp forego,
To share all dangers with the brave.

Can silken sheen, or gaudy shew,
Boast any longer charms for me,
When thou art gone? no, Willy, no!
For all delight is fixt on thee;

So free I'll with my Willy go,
The only boon on earth I crave,
Is that I may all pomp forego,
For thee, the bravest of the brave.

I only quit the busy town,
To court the festive sylvan scene,
And change the proud imperious frown,
For smiles complacently serene.
Yes, Willy, yes! with thee I'll go.
No other wish on earth I crave,
But that I may this pomp forego,
For thee, the bravest of the brave.

BE EASY NOW.

YOUNG Roger of the dairy farm,
Who long had Sally ey'd,
Whene'er he wish'd her heart to charm,
And win her for his bride.
'Be easy now, pray let me go,'
Replied the country maid;
'I wonder you can teaze me so;'
She blush'd, and smiling said.

Allurements he had tried in vain,
His Sally's heart to win;
Could he by stealth a kiss obtain,
He thought no shame or sin.
'Be easy now,' &c.

'Wilt thou be mine?' young Roger cried,
'To-morrow morn, my love;
'A ring and licence I'll provide,
'And ever constant prove.'
No longer now—'pray let me go,'
Replied the country maid;
She gave consent to church to go,
So blest her gallant blade.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

'Tis a long time ago, as you very well know,
Since Alfred first laid the foundation,
Of a strong house indeed, to which we now succeed,
With a very slight alteration:
Its title John fram'd, Magna Charta 'twas nam'd,
And this was the house that Jack built.

Through the country round, there was none to be found,
So happy as his situation;
Health and plenty had blest, and contented his breast,
And peace dwelt in his habitation.
And this was the cheer, roast beef and strong beer,
That stood in the house that Jack built.

Thus for a long time, John did not repine,
His life was both pleasant and hearty:
His friendship sincere, each neighbour did share,
And he offer'd it to Bonaparte;
And this was the rat, that thought to get fat,
By eating the cheer, the beef and the beer,
That stood in the house that Jack built.

To punish this vermin then John did determine,
So soon as he saw his intention,
And his tars he sent out, to beat well about,
As a prudent and cautious prevention;
And these are the dogs to worry the rat,
That thought to get fat,
By eating the cheer, roast beef and strong beer,
That stood in the house that Jack built.

THE COMICAL FELLOWS.

The world is so comical grown,
From court to the mender of bellows;
No wonder in country or town,
You meet a few comical fellows.

The lawyer will bustle about,
In court 'gainst his brother he bellows,
But then they no sooner come out,
Than shake hands like comical fellows.

To your beef the parson will come,
With wine he'll get wond'rous mellow;
In pulpit he'll say you're undone,
Good Lord! what a comical fellow.

The sailor is just come on shore,
With cash for to cut a great swell O!
He'll spend it, and go out for more,
And thinks he's a comical fellow.

The soldier return'd from the wars,
Of battles and sieges, will tell O!
And shew us his bruises and scars,
As marks of a comical fellow.

The doctor all ailings, you know,
With lotion and potion can quell O!
And each one will surely allow,
The doctor's a comical fellow.

Thus all the world strives to obtain,
The rank in which we bear the bell O!
And thousands attempt it in vain,
To class with a comical fellow.

ODE TO MY DOG, TARTAR.

I view thee, Tartar, in thy looks I see,
If truth there is in physiognomy,
A disposition that might envied be,
By mortals more refin'd.
Hope, fear, attachment, love,
Within thy bosom move,
Fidelity, sincerity,
In thee I ever find.

My friend I'll call thee, for as such thou art,
Devoid of guile, thou hast a gen'rous heart;
Thou shar'st my morsel, and thou tak'st my part:
Had but mankind done so,
Thy master ne'er had known,
What 'twas to want a home,
Or felt the rude ingratitude
Of friend, now chang'd to foe.

TO ELIZA.

Written in Adversity.

WHILE pensive I roam in this dismal abode,
And bear of each misery amply my load.
My thoughts, while on thee, are divested of pain,
Enjoyments once tasted, I fancy again.
The pleasing remembrance I keep in my mind,
My thoughts remain fix'd where my heart is inclin'd:
Thus plac'd in review, it creates a fresh joy,
With hope of renewal which never can cloy.
In thee is each prospect of happiness sure;
In thee is a friend, without interest, pure.
The time is not far, e'er our fates shall agree,
On that meeting of rapture, when both shall be free;
When lull'd in thy arms, all my sorrows shall rest,
And love hold its empire secure in each breast.

THE FARTHING CANDLE.

In gratitude to thee this night,
I'll try this theme to handle,
And sing in praise of thy faint light,
My little farthing candle.

Tho' some deride thy feeble rays,
Believe me 'tis all scandal,
For they deserve the poet's praise,
My little farthing candle.

Without thy beams I had been left,
All in the dark to dandle;
Of ev'ry aid but thine bereft,
My little farthing candle.

Then why should I not praise my friend,
Altho' not worth a spangle?
I found thee faithful to the end,
My little farthing candle.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

Whom the Author found weeping over the Death of a favorite Lap-dog, named Buck, delivered by her Admirer, who presented it without knowing its Contents.

Cease, fair Julia, cease to grieve,
Tho' Death your favorite *Buck* has slain,
With ease you may the loss retrieve,
Another puppy soon obtain.

ON CUPID.

Whoe'er thou art, thy master see;
He is so—was—or soon will be!

THE RETRIBUTION.

For theft in ancient times, we're told,
The retribution was four-fold;
'A very good old custom too,'
Replied my little black-ey'd Sue;
'I wish such laws were now in vogue,
'To punish every wicked rogue.'
Well be it so, then I'll be tried,
And by that statute we'll abide:
Last night you know, my pretty miss,
I slily stole a single kiss,
Which, on confession, must restore,
So Susan now demand your four.

NEW 'GOD SAVE THE KING.'

O THOU, who rul'st the sky,
Omnipotent on high,
To thee we all,
Our voices loud do raise,
To sing thy heavenly praise;
O GOD! accept our lays,
On thee we call.

For all the blessings thou
On us doth e'er bestow
We grateful are;
O grant us unity,
Peace, and prosperity;
May GEORGE's person be
Ever thy care.

Long may his life be spent,
Happy, blest, and content,
While Britons sing:
United heart and voice,
May ev'ry soul rejoice,
In GEORGE thy peoples' choice;
GOD save the King.

FINIS.

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